LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.] *Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, June 3, 1807.* [No. 18.

SELECTIONS.

OF THE ORIENTAL LEARNING AND PHILOSOPHY.

Man, in his rude and uncivilized ſtate, has no great exerciſe of reaſon. To the numerous objects that preſs around him, his internal ſenſes ſeem not equally awake with the external. No examination into cauſes from effects even the moſt ſurpriſing; he feels, but reflects not. His paſſions, on ſome occaſions, may be ſtrongly alarmed and put in agitation; but theſe ſuggeſt nothing to the reaſoning powers, which ſeem to lie dormant in this dominion of nature and inſtinct; or, if they awake and try to form concluſions, they ſtart, as from a hideous dream, with all the motley images that a diſtempered imagination can muſter up.

In this ſtate, mankind have no notion of a Deity, except it be from tradition; and this, as it exiſted in the firſt nations, if we except the Jews, was ſtrangely abſurd and wide of the truth; till we find afterwards, as men advanced in ſociety and knowledge, a faint light dawn, that led them to juſter ideas.

And this was chiefly effected by the philoſophers, endued by Providence in different parts of the world; no doubt to uſher in and further its own mighty and inſcrutable deſigns.

A Perſian Zoroaſter, a Chineſe Confucius, a Grecian Socrates: even the Celtic Druids and Indian Bramins, in different ages, and in different countries, have all been inſtrumental in this way, in many reſpects, perhaps, which we cannot ſee.

All theſe men at the ſame time, that they were excellent moraliſts, were alſo deep inſpectors into nature; and from an attentive ſurvey of her wonderful operations, were naturally led to the conſideration of a firſt cauſe.

In reality this ſtudy of nature was prior to the other, and it was not till men had made pretty good advances in it, that they were led to the ſtudy of its author.

It likewiſe deſerves to be remarked, that among the Gentile nations, not only theology and philoſophy originated in an advanced ſtate of ſociety, when men had leiſure and curioſity to puſh the ſpeculative ſciences as far as they could go; but that in general the way to theſe laſt was paved by the preceſſion of the neceſſary arts.

The Egyptians knew nothing of aſtronomy or the celeſtial phænomena, till they were obliged, by reaſon of the annual inundations of the Nile, to learn menſuration, in order to aſcertain their property. Upon this early and neceſſary initiation, they took their ground, and mounted, by gradual ſteps in the geometrical ſcale, from the menſuration of lands to that of pyramids; till, having got thus far on their way, they looked ſtill higher, and by an eaſy tranſition applied thoſe calculations to the motions of the heavenly bodies, which they had formerly applied with ſucceſs to the pyramids and the Nile.

From ſome ſuch accidental cauſe, the ſciences ſeem to have taken riſe very early in the eaſt, and probably at a date prior to their riſe in Egpyt; though I doubt much, if in thoſe regions they were ever proſecuted to ſuch advantage.

Aſtronomy, more particularly, ſeems to owe its invention to the Orientals. We find Zoroaſter the Perſian excelling in magic, and converſing with the ſtars, at a very early period. The Arabian and Chaldean ſhepherds were a kind of aſtrologers by profeſſion, and gave thoſe names to many of the ſtars which they ſtill retain.

The doctrine of the metempſychoſis, which the Egyptians adopted ſo readily into their religion, and which Pythagoras afterwards imported thence into Greece, was, beyond all doubt, of eaſtern extraction. This opinion, very probably, aroſe from ſome remaining impreſſions of the fall of man, that ſtill kept hold of the minds of thoſe that lived ſo near the time and ſcene in which it happened. And, as the origin of evil has been a matter of curious diſquiſition among the inquiſitive of all ages; ſo, among thoſe ſubtle philoſophers of the eaſt, who had an uncommon turn for ſuch dark ſpeculations, any hypotheſis that ſerved to remove the difficulty but one ſtep farther back, would be gladly embraced, concerning a topic of all others the moſt abſtruſe, and the moſt incomprehenſible to the human mind.

It is not unlikely, the building of Babel, in the plains of Shinar, which took place immediately after the flood, firſt ſet men the example of building in thoſe parts; and that even the Egyptians might have borrowed the firſt idea of their pyramids, and other ſtupendous works, from the ſame original.

In general, it may be obſerved, from the immenſe ſtructure of Babel, the magnificence of the Babylonian walls, and the ſtatelineſs of the Egyptian pyramids, that the luxury and pride of theſe ancient nations led them to works of vaſtly greater pomp and expence than any the moderns can boaſt of. Yet, from theſe very buildings, though aſtoniſhingly great, but defective in elegance, we may gueſs the taſte of thoſe times to have been groſs, and the genius rude.

Indeed it is preſumable that the fine arts naturally aſſociate together, from the near relation in which they all ſtand to one another; and as we have never heard of renowned poets or ſtatuaries among the Babylonians, that conſequently they could never have a very elegant taſte in any other of the polite arts. Magnificence and a pompouſneſs of manner they might poſſeſs; but, like the modern Chineſe, they would ſhow in their deſigns more of the monſtrous extravagance of art, than of the ſimple and pleaſing dignity of nature.

Compare to thoſe immenſe eaſtern works, the Grecian architecture of later date; the noble remains of which, at Balbeck and Palmyra, in the Iſlands of the Archipelago, and in many parts of Greece, excite to this hour, our higheſt admiration.

The beautiful remains of ancient painting, ſtatuary, medals, and gems, beſides thoſe of architecture, lately found upon the diſcovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, all of them in the pureſt Greek ſtyle, ſtill farther confirm our admiration of the taſte and genius of that wonderful people.

On the other hand it muſt be granted, that the Greeks themſelves, with all their ingenuity, derived many reſources either more immediately from the Babylonians, or mediately from the Egyptians and Phœnicians. We have already mentioned the metempſychoſis as owing its origin to the ſame quarter, as alſo phyſics, aſtronomy, and moral philoſophy.

A certain mediocrity, however, of abilities, has, in general, characterized the nations of the Eaſt from remoteſt time; the natural conſequence, no doubt, of their climate and ſoil, which warm, relax, and diſpoſe to diſſipation. Hence thoſe nations, though naturally ingenious, have been always retarded in their progreſs in the arts; eſpecially in thoſe of the intellectual or finer kind that require any great or perſevering exertions.

A certain length, indeed, they have gone in moſt or all of theſe, but they have, for the moſt part, ſhown more ardor than ability, and more ingenuity than judgment or ſolidity.

The Arabs have been always much the ſame in character; alert, active, ingenious nimble in horſemanſhip, and addicted t plunder. At one period, (during the cali fate,) they either invented or improved ſev eral curious ſciences, ſuch as algebra, chem iſtry, medicine, which, along with other aſſiſ ances, aided to rekindle the lamp of learnin in Europe, after it had been extinguiſhed fo many centuries during the dark and Gothic ages.

The ancient Perſians were famous for a tronomy and other ſciences; dexterous archery; ambitious and reſtleſs in wa They are ſtill ingenious in the arts; exc in poetry, but retain, in a great meaſur their priſtine effeminacy and love of pleaſur

The Indians throughout the whole exte

of the Mogul empire, as well as in the kingdoms of Ava, Siam, and Pegu, are univerſally characterized, as particularly ingenious in the nicer mechanic arts, ſuch as weaving, colouring, japanning. They are in general a mild and harmleſs people, excepting the Malayeſe, who are ſaid to be treacherous, and addicted to plunder.

Porcelane-making is peculiar to the Chineſe, who are indeed ſtill more active than the Indians, more moderate in their paſſions; and, with ſome exceptions, are, perhaps, the moſt enlightened, virtuous, and induſtrious of all pagan nations.

Upon the whole, from the heat of the climate, and the luxuriance of the ſoil, which incline to voluptuouſneſs, theſe eaſtern nations are in general luxurious, but withal quick and lively, and in a certain degree induſtrious and active. Their genius, indeed, is moderate, being more acute than profound, more ſhrewd than ſolid. Like their bodies, their minds are but of middling ability. Neither Newtons nor Shakſpeares have ever ariſen among them; few great warriors; their philoſophy has been more of the moral than of the phyſical kind; and though they may have excelled in the ſofter ſorts of poetry, it is probable that they want force and elevation for its more grand and noble exertions.

Moreover, if we take a view of the different nations that lie more to the north, we ſhall find them, if not more effeminate and luxurious, at leaſt more indolent and inactive than thoſe juſt now mentioned. The Aſiatic Turks, particularly, come under this deſcription. Whether their ſpirits are naturally flatter, or that their continual uſe of opium, and the character of their religion, all contribute to this ſupine ſolemnity, is hard to determine; but they are grave and ſilent in the extreme. Their indolence is exceſſive, and their ignorance equal to their indolence.

In this torpid ſtate of ignorance and inſipidity lie buried their large poſſeſſions in Aſia Minor, Greece, Egypt, Barbary, Syria, part of Arabia, and the Holy Land.

Such, and ſo ſucceſsful has the Koran been, (when joined to the above cauſes and the deſpotiſm and barbarity of Tartar-genius) in baniſhing arts and humanity from a very conſiderable portion of the habitable globe.

In fine, the northern nations of Aſia, have been remarkable for nothing but a bold ferocious ſpirit, a genius for war, and ſudden and deſtructive invaſions of the countries around them.

Some exceptions, however, muſt be made to this remark. Gengis-Khan and Tamerlane were both as eminent for their magnificence and encouragement of learning, as for their renown in war. Enriched by the ſpoils of the Eaſt, theſe great conquerors reared cities in deſerts, and tried to fix the roving Tartar, by introducing architecture, letters, and the other fine arts.

But this light was only a flaſh, which for a moment illumined, without diſpelling that thick cloud of ignorance which has always covered theſe dreary and inhoſpitable regions. This country of Tartary, of immenſe extent, and far larger than all Europe, is the ſame over which wandered the ancient Scythians, the native hive, whence iſſued, in ſucceſſive ſwarms, thoſe barbarous hoards that overwhelmed the Roman empire, peopled the northern parts of Europe, gave emperors to China and Indoſtan, and detached colonies to plant a new world in the weſtern continent.

It may therefore with juſtice be concluded, that though the arts and ſciences have taken their riſe in the Eaſt, and have thence travelled weſtward, firſt to Egypt and afterwards to Greece and Rome, that they have generally improved in their progreſs in proportion to the nature of the ſoil and climate, and the ardor with which they have been purſued; that neither the warmer nor colder regions have been greatly favorable to their culture, the former relaxing, the latter contracting the human faculties; that in the temperate climes of Europe they have flouriſhed to moſt advantage; that it is probable they will thence migrate to the weſtern continent in order to enlighten a new world; that they will finally ſpread themſelves over the moſt ſavage tribes, and, with their ſacred influence, poliſh and improve the moſt uncivilized nations.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A young Lady, newly married, being obliged to ſhew her huſband all the letters ſhe wrote, ſent the following to an intimate friend.

"I cannot be ſatisfied my Deareſt Friend! bleſt as I am in the matrimonial ſtate, unleſs I pour into your friendly boſom, which has ever beat in uniſon with mine, the various ſenſations which ſwell with the livelieſt emotions of pleaſure, my almoſt burſting heart. I tell you my dear huſband is the moſt amiable of men, I have now been married ſeven weeks, and have never found the leaſt reaſon to repent the day that joined us. My huſband is both in perſon & manners far from reſembling ugly, croſs, old, diſagreeable, and jealous monſters, who think by confining to ſecure; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a boſom friend,——————and not as a play-thing, or menial ſlave, the woman of his choice,——————Neither party, he ſays, ſhould always obey implicitly; but each yield to the other by turns, An ancient maiden aunt, near ſeventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleaſant old lady, lives in the houſe with us—ſhe is the delight of both young and old; ſhe is civil to all the neighbourhood round, generous and charitable to the poor, I am convinced my huſband likes nothig more than he does me: he flatters me more than the glaſs, and his intoxication, (for ſo I muſt call the exceſs of his love) often makes me bluſh for the unworthineſs of its object, & wiſh I could be more deſerving of the man whoſe name I bear. To ſay all in one word——————and to crown the whole——————my former lover is now my indulgent huſband, my fondneſs is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as bleſt as I am unable to wiſh that I could be more happy!"

N. B. The key to the above letter, (in cypher) is to read the firſt, and then every alternate line only.

From the Studies of Nature.

It is to *Savages*, to men utterly unknown, that we are indebted for the firſt obſervations, which are the ſources of all ſcience. It is neither to the poliſhed Greeks nor Romans, but to nations which *we* denominate barbarous, that we owe the uſe of ſimples, of bread, of wine, of domeſtic animals, of cloths, of dyes for cloths, of metals, and for every thing moſt uſeful and moſt agreeable for human life. Modern Europe glories in her diſcoveries; but *Printing*, which ought, it is ſaid, to immortaliſe the inventor, is to be aſcribed to a perſon ſo obſcure, that ſeveral cities of *Holland*, of *Germany*, nay, even of *China*, have claimed the diſcovery as their own. *Galileo* would never have calculated the gravity of air, but for the obſervation of a fountain player, who remarked that water could riſe only to thirty-two feet in a forcing engine. *Newton* had never read the heavens, if ſome children, playing in Zealand with the glaſſes of a ſpectacle-maker, had not ſuggeſted the firſt idea of the teleſcopic cylinder. Our artillery would never have ſubjugated *America*, the New World, if a lazy monk had not happened to diſcover gunpowder; and whatever glory Spain may take to herſelf on account of the diſcovery of that vaſt portion of the globe, the ſavages of Aſia had planted empires there long before the arrival of *Chriſtopher Columbus*. What, indeed, had become of that great man himſelf, if the good and ſimple inhabitants whom he found there had not ſupplied him with proviſions? Let then, academies accumulate machines, ſyſtems, books, eulogiums; the chief praiſe of all is due to the ignorant, who furniſhed the firſt materials.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

"In doubt to deem himſelf a *God* or *beaſt*."

MAN boaſts of reaſon, and often ſeems delighted with the thought that he poſſeſſes a ſuperiority over all other animals, and is able to make them ſubſervient to his purpoſes. As he judges moſtly by compariſon, his vanity often prompts him to contemplate the lower orders of beings, that he may ſee his own ſuperiority, and rejoice in his exalted ſtation.

But the true greatneſs of man conſiſts not in his exalted rank in the gradation of exiſtences, but in his diſcharging with dignity the duties of the ſtation, wherein he is placed;

not in the ſplendid talents committed to his charge, but in his manner of improving them.

Hence man is the nobleſt, and the vileſt; the moſt dignified, and the moſt contemptible being, that inhabits this terreſtrial ſphere.

Travelling in virtue's path, he approaches the perfection of his nature, and aſpires to that beatitude, for which he was created; or, wandering in the labyrinth of vice, he degrades himſelf beneath the meaneſt brute, and ruſhes headlong into the devouring jaws of yawning deſtruction.

Now we ſee him ſtretch forth a benevolent hand to aſſiſt his unfortunate fellows; from his lips breathe the kind accents of an angel of peace, and his breaſt glows with ſympathy and philanthropic ardor in the cauſe of humanity: now with the ſame hand he graſps the devouring ſword, cries *havoc!* ſends thouſands to eternity, climbs over mountains of kindred fleſh, flowing with reeking gore, and "grins horribly a ghaſtly ſmile" while he views the wide-ſpread havoc.

Deteſted fiend! that ſmile ſhall be your laſt.
Henceforth ſhall thouſand horrors page your heels;
Death, fiend-like, yawning, ever haunt your ſight,
And, ere he takes you from this earthly ſcene,
Give you a foretaſte of the pains of hell.

When ſcenes like this are preſented to his view, let man pauſe, and reflect.—Is this fiend-like being a man? who boaſts of reaſon? who believes himſelf immortal? who calls himſelf "the link uniting Divinity with matter?"—I would fain ſay, "no," and denying him the title, man, call him ſome repreſentative of Satan—ſome *Devil incarnate*, ſent forth in wrath to ſcourge mankind!—yet he is called man!—Let all view him with horror, while they reflect, that their boaſted powers may be thus perverted, and degrade them, as much as they were intended to exalt. The debauchee, or the ſot might give us another picture of man degraded, but leaving theſe painful ſcenes, let us now view man ennobled by virtue.

With liberal mind, he ſoars above the vile prejudices of party, the rancor of intolerant bigots, and the treacherous views of hollow *patriots*.

He wants no laws, with violent ſanctions to compel him to his duty—he performs it through choice, and enjoys in his own approbation an ample reward. He ſeeks an opportunity of doing good, as a ſource of true pleaſure, and thence derives thoſe ineffable delights, which apathy and vice can never know.

Shunning the vile employment of ſacrificing to ſenſual enjoyment, and deifying his mortal part, he cultivates the ſpark of Divinity within him, till it gradually approaches the omniſcience of Him whence it emanated.

Avoiding thoſe authorities, which ſanction errors, deſpiſing the invincible blindneſs of theoretic bigots, and regardleſs of the anathemas of hood-winked ſuperſtition, he undauntedly purſues the footſteps of truth thro' all her bewildering mazes, up to the throne of the great *I am*. Nor does he deem it preſumption to read the glorious titles, and awful attributes of his Maker, written by his own hand, on the ſublime page of nature, that bright volume of truth, wherein are recorded the wonders of his hand, by which unnumbered flaming orbs are wheeled ſublime through the ethereal concave, with ſtupendous magnificence and harmony.

Accuſtomed to contemplate ſuch majeſtic ſcenes, his mind becomes liberalized, his conceptions bold, his reaſon energetic, his benevolence univerſal—in ſhort, by frequently peruſing theſe glowing pages, his ſoul becomes aſſimilated, as far as his earthly ſhackles will permit, to the perfect beauty of their all-glorious Author.

Such is man when ennobled by virtue; and when in ſuch majeſtic beauty he appears on earth, let all his fellow mortals admire, approve, and imitate: So ſhall they approve their exalted rank in the ſcale of beings, nor bluſh with the conſciouſneſs of having diſhonored their ſtation. NUMA.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE MORALIST—No. V.

"And ſtill as op'ning ſenſe her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a ſeal, or vice a blot."

FRANKLIN.

THERE is an opinion very prevalent at the preſent day prejudicial to the early education of children in Morality and Religion. Many are now heard to ſay, that any inſtruction in theſe important ſubjects which tends to bias the mind of a child is not only unneceſſary but unjuſt. It is called "unneceſſary becauſe the child will be better able to underſtand ſuch difficult ſubjects, and form a proper judgment upon them, when he arrives to maturity of reaſon." It is alleged to be "*injuſtice* to the child, amid ſuch a contrariety of ſects and ſyſtems, to direct his flexile mind to the belief of any one by the influence of parental authority; that the child is thus deprived of an unalienable right and privilege of man, that of judging for himſelf. Early impreſſions are made too deep to be effaced. Hence we ſee children almoſt univerſally adopt, without examination, the tenets of their parents, whether correct or erroneous; and in the belief and practice of them, live and die. But Morality and Religion are too intereſting and important to be thus trifled with, or taken upon truſt."

I wiſh I could find in the lives of ſuch declaimers, a proof of the ſincerity of that tender regard for moral principles, which they ſo feelingly expreſs. It would be ſome palliation for the evident errors of their underſtandings. And ſurely it cannot be wrong at leaſt to recommend by their conduct what is ſo dear to their hearts. But I have uniformly found the advocates of ſuch a ſyſtem conſiſtent with themſelves. They do not inſtil virtuous principles into the minds of their children—they do not feel their influence in themſelves. Their teſtimony in *words* to the excellency of time is the tribute of the underſtanding, not of the heart. From ſuch characters, we ought, in conſiſtency, to expect ſuch a contradiction.

Upon a review of the former numbers of the Moraliſt, I am apprehenſive the Reader may have thought me an advocate for ſuch a ſpontaneous growth of children. But it was not my intention to advance principles ſo deſtructive to individuals, and ſo ſubverſive of the happineſs of ſociety. The conduct of Aſtatos, was not adduced as an inſtance of the probable reſult of parents' neglect in youth generally; but as a laudable example to ſuch youth, and a relation of what *muſt* take place in their own minds if they ever act up to the dignity of rational beings. Ninety-nine in an hundred of thoſe ſuffered to grow up uninſtructed would plunge deep in vice from which no created arm could ſnatch them. Of thoſe who ſhould eſcape flagrant vices, whoſe thoughts would be inane, and whoſe lives frivolous, as large a proportion would never reflect for themſelves. And how many of thoſe, who ſhould enter ſeriouſly into the ſubject when they found themſelves capable, would be led to faulty, erroneous, and ruinous concluſions. Reader, are you a Parent? Take not encouragement for neglect of your children from the ſucceſs of Aſtatos, in avoiding the temporal ruin to which he was ſo imminently expoſed, and into which thouſands like him have fallen. Conſider him rather as one "eſcaped alone to tell thee" their fate.

Theſe remarks are juſtified by experience, and obſervations upon human nature. The human mind has been frequently and very juſtly compared to the earth, which never fails to produce noxious, at leaſt uſeleſs weeds, where more valuable fruits are not cultivated. The child will learn ſomething; and it is the province of the parent to give to his ideas a proper direction. They ſhould endeavor to be right themſelves, and then they can inſtruct their children with confidence. But they are by no means juſtified in deſerting their charge through fear of biaſſing their minds to erroneous tenets. They will, if ſincere and in earneſt, undoubtedly convey *ſome* good inſtruction. And it will be more eaſy to eradicate a few tares which they may ſow with the good grain, than to ſubdue a field overcome with deep-rooted thorns and briars and ſhrubs.

Words need not be multiplied to convince the candid of the *neceſſity* of early inſtruction in order to the happineſs of the child, and this being granted, its *propriety* follows of courſe. The plea of injuſtice therefore is nothing but a wicked excuſe for deſerting an incumbent duty.

The child is thrown into the arms of its parents by the God of nature; and the helpleſs thing, with dumb but forcible eloquence, pleads for their nurturing care, more perſuaſively, and I truſt more effectually by a ſingle look than I could do in twenty numbers.

They ſpare no pains to provide for its health and ſubſiſtence; but as the mind is more noble than the body, it demands a proportional care. Reaſoning upon human probabilities, I would as much prefer all the trouble and anxiety of the faithful watchfulneſs required of a parent, to the indolence of neglecting it, as I would the filial gratitude of a child walking before me in the paths of rectitude and peace, to the upbraidings and imprecations of one about to be ſwung from the gallows to which my neglect had driven him.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE EVENING POST.

On revisiting the Cottage of Rosa in early Spring, after a long absence.

Seven Summers have flown, and once more do I see,
The fields and the groves I deserted so long;
Scarce a bud yet appears on the winter-beat tree,
Nor a bird yet enlivens the sky with his song.

For tho' Spring has return'd, yet the chilly wind blows,
And the violets and daisies still hide in the ground;
But one dear little flower, one beautiful Rose,
Here blooms and here blushes the seasons all round.
Thou pride of the plain; little Queen of the grove,
Still fresh is thy foliage, and sweet thy perfume,
And still the bright object of Paridel's love,
As when thy first buds were beginning to bloom.
And though fate has decreed that he must not aspire,
This blossom divine on his bosom to wear,
Yet still must he cherish the tender desire,
And make thee forever the theme of his prayer.
Blow gently ye Zephyrs, be genial ye showers,
Bright and warm be the sky o'er thy dear native vale,
And may no bitter blast ever ravage the bowers,
That guard thy fair frame from the merciless gale.
And when the short season of blooming shall end,
Which fate to the children of nature has giv'n,
May some cherub of beauty, to snatch thee, descend,
And bear thee to bloom in the garden of Heaven.

PARIDEL.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

Says Plato, Why should man be vain,
Since bounteous Heaven hath made him great?
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
Or costly gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptre'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie!
Go; search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore;
The wealth and glory they possess'd,
And all their honors are no more!

So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train,
But, when it's short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, life is not long,
Let friendship reign then while we stay;
Let time be sweeten'd with a song,
For when Jove calls we must obey.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

At the sign of the horse, old Spintext, of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical sot.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submission;
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And, bowing, preferr'd his petition.

'I'm come, sir,' said he, 'to beg, look, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.'

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?'
'Why Lord, sir, the corpse it does stay;'
'You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away!'

Then Moses, he smil'd, saying, 'Sir, a small child
Connot long delay your intentions;'
'Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge it's dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear?
I hate to be call'd from my liquor.
Come, Moses, the king; 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should but be a vicar.'

Then Moses he spoke; 'Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower;
'Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more:

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain;
But perhaps you or I may take cold.'

Then Moses went on; 'Sir, the clock has struck one,
Pray, Master, look up at the hand;'
'Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man to walk on that can't stand.'

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jay with a quid!
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd on side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a stave,
Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

'Good people, let's pray; put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble;
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man; that's wrong, the leaf's torn;
"A man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flower;"
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.
Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down;
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
That this Basket should print for the crown.

Pr'ythee, Moses, do read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead.'
("Amen! Amen!")
'Why Moses you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.
"O where's thy sting, death?" put the corpse in the earth,
For believe me 'tis terrible weather.'
So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together.

THE EASY CHAIR.

Come, thou indulgent friend to soft repose,
Whether with crimson, green, or yellow lin'd;
Come with thy downy lap, and let's embrace,
While thus supine I sink into thy arms.
When man can't saunter thro' the silent grove,
Or under shade to tufted trees, alone
Indulge in solitude his weary hours;
When chilling damps, or winter's nipping frost,
Denies access to silent hawthorn bow'rs:
Oh grant him, heav'n! grant him your next best gift,
The soft, reclining, gentle, Easy Chair:
There, if by gambol, or in jocund dance,
Or if by skating o'er the frozen stream
(Health breeding exercise) he chance to tire,
There brisk activity gives up her sway
And yields dominion to all-powerful Ease.
Hail, smiling Ease! philosophy's great pride,
Mother of Meditation, and the nurse
Of all the tribes in sportive Fancy's train.
Without thy care great Newton ne'er had found
The laws of nature, or discover'd worlds.
Hail, cheerful ruler of the mental pow'rs!
Here now accept a vot'ry at thy shrine,
And cheer with smiles a wearied son of Care!

EVENING.

Soft shades of eve steal o'er the green,
And gently sinks the setting sun,
The winds are still, the waves serene,
And all the cares of day are done:
Oh! now 'tis sweet, unseen to rove,
In concert with the friend we *love*.
Ye blissful scenes! to mem'ry dear,
Again return to fancy's eyes,
Tho' recollected with a tear,
In all your vision'd beauties rise;
Again each soft sensation move,
And wake the slumb'ring soul to *love!*
Ah! no, with cold indiff'rence blest,
Let stoic apathy impart,
Her frozen fetters to my breast,
And chill each impulse of the heart!
In dull lethargic slumbers prove,
A silent calm, unknown to *love*.
Yet, should the pangs, the doubts and fears,
Which stern philosophy ne'er knows,
E'er steep the lover's check in tears;—
As dew drops bathe the blushing rose,
And fade beneath the beams above,
So hope dispels the tears of *love*.

[*Ev. Post.*] LAURA.

GILES AND HIS WIFE.

Says Giles, "My wife and I are two,
Yet, faith! I know not why, sir!"
Quoth Jack, "You're ten, if I speak true;
She's one, and you're a cypher."